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A MEMORIAL TABLET AT TICONDEROGA

N.Y.

A
CORPORATION'S
GIFT
TO HISTORY

REPRINTED BY THE
TICONDEROGA PULP AND PAPER CO.
BY PERMISSION OF
TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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A Memorial Tablet at Ticonderoga

The Landing
on "The Grand Portage"

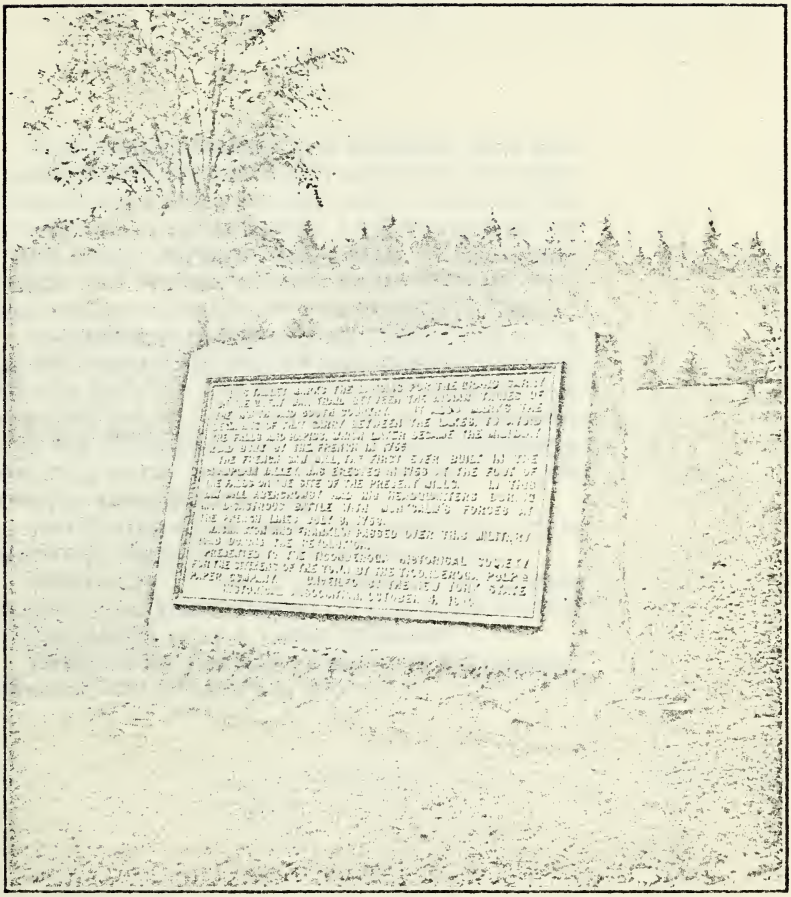
1755337

TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1910

A MEMORIAL TABLET

AT

TICONDEROGA



A MEMORIAL TABLET

THIS TABLET MARKS THE LANDING FOR THE GRAND CARRY ON THE GREAT WAR TRAIL BETWEEN THE INDIAN TRIBES OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH COUNTRY. IT ALSO MARKS THE BEGINNING OF THAT CARRY BETWEEN THE LAKES, TO AVOID THE FALLS AND RAPIDS, WHICH LATER BECAME THE MILITARY ROAD BUILT BY THE FRENCH IN 1755.

THE FRENCH SAW MILL, THE FIRST EVER BUILT IN THE CHAMPLAIN VALLEY, WAS ERECTED IN 1756 AT THE FOOT OF THE FALLS ON THE SITE OF THE PRESENT MILLS. IN THIS SAW MILL ABERCROMBY HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS DURING HIS DISASTROUS BATTLE WITH MONTCALM'S FORCES AT THE FRENCH LINES JULY 8, 1758.

WASHINGTON AND FRANKLIN PASSED OVER THIS MILITARY ROAD DURING THE REVOLUTION.

PRESENTED TO THE TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE CITIZENS OF THE TOWN BY THE TICONDEROGA PULP & PAPER COMPANY.

UNVEILED BY THE NEW YORK STATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OCTOBER 4, 1910.

Inscription on Tablet

MAR 23 '73

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TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY, Ticonderoga, N.Y.
A memorial tablet at Ticonderoga, a corporation's gift to history. Reprinted by the Ticonderoga pulp and paper co. by permission of Ticonderoga historical society. [Cambridge, Mass., The University press, c1911]
29p.

P 2137

PREFATORY NOTE

There has never been but the one Ticonderoga in the world.

There has never been, and there never will be, but the one Ticonderoga in history.

Most of the towns and villages in this land have somewhere a counterpart, somewhere a town or village that in some physical respect is similar.

Ticonderoga has none, and on this continent she has no peer in the wealth of her historic renown.

That this should breed a patriotic pride, a historic appreciation of the wonderful record of the past attaching to the name of Ticonderoga in its citizens, as individuals and corporations, is therefore not strange.

That in the fulness of years it has ripened into this logical result, is evidenced by these generous gifts that are marking in stone and bronze and granite the localities in and about the old town where history of such importance was made, as to make the record thereof a nation's heritage.

That the citizens of Ticonderoga, both in their individual and corporate capacities, have recognized their stewardship of a nation's history in this town, is a matter of just pride on the part of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, and to commemorate the presentation to it, in trust, of the bronze tablet giving in detail the history connected with the landing on the "Grand Portage," it publishes this booklet.

If it shall bring to the mind of some patriotic citizen somewhere in this country the necessity of marking one

more spot made memorable in our history, so that its record may endure after tradition fades, its purpose will have been accomplished; for it is the history of the nation and the knowledge of that history that, in the final analysis, will preserve the nation, by the patriotism it will engender in this and future generations.

TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

By Dr. Wm. A. E. Cummings, *Pres.*

Presentation of Tablet

TO

Ticonderoga Historical Society

BY

The Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company

Tuesday, 4.00 P.M., October 4th, 1910

Special train to Ticonderoga village

PROGRAM

William Wallace Jeffers, *Chairman*

Invocation, Rev. Loyal A. Bigelow

Presentation address by Hon. Clayton H. DeLano

Unveiling by New York State Historical Association
Represented by
Mrs. Sherman Williams
Mrs. Frederick B. Richards

Singing, "Star Spangled Banner"
Led by
Mrs. George Stephenson Bixby
of the Mary Washington Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution

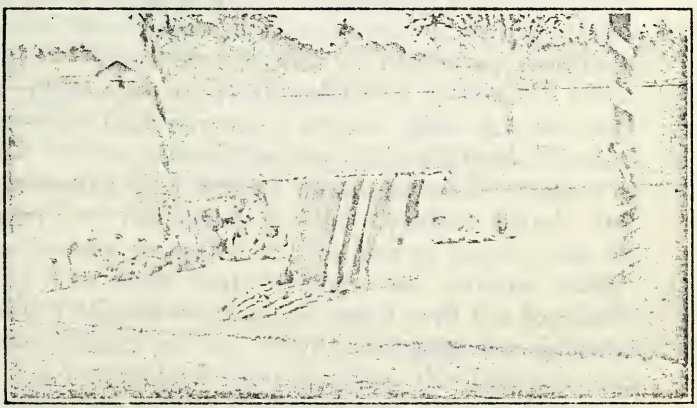
Acceptance by Dr. W. A. E. Cummings

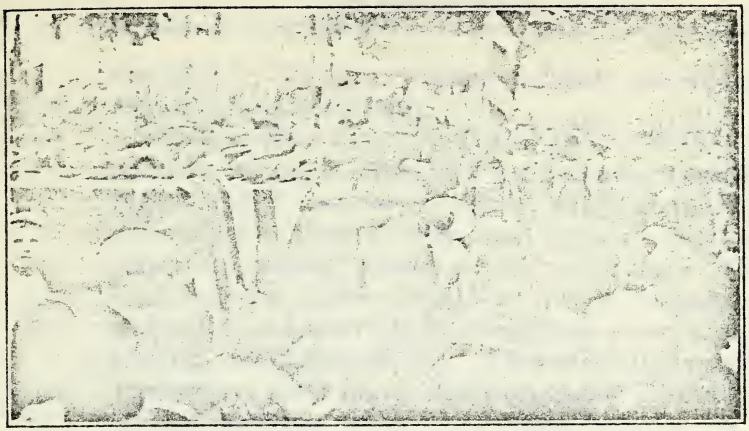
Singing, "America," led by Mrs. George S. Bixby

INVOCATION

By Rev. LOYAL A. BIGELOW

Almighty God, we bring unto Thee our thanks that Thou art the God of individuals and of nations. We thank Thee that through all the events of human history, in the midst of the great deeds and remarkable events of the past Thou hast directed, and in a large way, for the general good, hast overruled and controlled the activities of men and the movements of the human family. We thank Thee for the formation of societies such as hold these exercises to-day to perpetuate the memory of the great deeds of the past. We thank Thee that it is in the minds of men to erect memorials to render permanent the record. We pray Thy blessing upon these organizations; and we pray that when the school children of to-day, who shall be the men and women of to-morrow, the fathers and mothers, the law givers, the judges, the statesmen, the presidents of the future, shall ask the meaning of these memorial tablets, we may be enabled so to instruct them as that their patriotism may be more intense and their usefulness as citizens greatly increased. And unto Thee, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and forever. Amen.





THE PRESENTATION ADDRESS

BY

HON. CLAYTON H. DE LANO

Mr. President, Members of the Historical Society, Citizens of Ticonderoga:

It is a common saying that "history repeats itself," that is, given similar conditions, issues, antagonizing forces, and environment, similar results will undoubtedly follow; but if so, shall we again find all the conditions and forces that made memorable this spot, antedating by many years the American Revolution, and culminating with that historic event? Where else on this or any other continent have two nations of red men and three nations of white men contended for supremacy on the same ground, and consecrated with their blood the same historic field of battle?

This is to-day, and always was, a beautiful section of our country, as fashioned by the Creative Hand, and should be forever dedicated to the arts of peace; but its topography was such that through this narrow valley, with Mount Defiance on the one hand and the foot-hills of the Adirondacks on the other, must pass the different tribes of the two great Indian families, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, as well as the Rangers of Rogers, Putnam,

and Stark, and the trained soldiery of Abercromby, Amherst, and Montcalm.

The Iroquois — or the Five Nations, as they are often called in history — embraced the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, and Seneca tribes; and later the Tuscaroras were added to their number, making six tribes banded together for mutual protection and conquest. They were noted among all the Indian nations as foremost in war, eloquence, and native diplomacy; they were haughty, overbearing, and domineering. They were the original New Yorkers, as their home was principally within the limits of that territory which afterwards became the Empire State of the Union. Their pride was as lofty as the mountains of their native land. They called themselves "the men surpassing all others." We are told that although at the stage of their greatest prosperity they had no more than four thousand warriors, yet such was their warlike spirit that they overran the whole land east of the Mississippi, carrying terror, torture, and death to whatever tribe opposed them.

Their principal village was in the Onondaga valley, where they had a council house, in which representatives of the different tribes composing the nation assembled at the call of their chiefs, to decide upon incursions into the enemies' country, or determine the fate of prisoners taken by stratagem or in battle. Their forays into the land of the Algonquins were so successful that many of the tribes of that nation paid tribute to their conquerors, and their warriors were by the Iroquois designated "women," which expressed the supreme contempt of the Indian for any who would not fight with courage or meet death by the most cruel torture with stoical indifference.

I have recounted thus briefly the history and some of the noted characteristics of the Iroquois, that we may gather some idea of the character of the people who, for how many centuries we know not, dominated this land and passed to and fro through this valley in their in-

cursions into Canada to fight their enemy, the Algonquins, before the advent of the white man gave them a sturdier foe, and changed the wilderness into cultivated fields and the Indian villages into teeming cities and prosperous towns.

Here were their war-path and hunting trail; here at the foot of these falls they launched their rude canoes to traverse the waters of the great lake, long before Champlain had given it a name, and probably long before a white man had discovered any part of the American continent.

What is more natural than that, when the white man did appear, to dispute with the aborigine his title to the land, he should follow Indian trails in opening military roads through the dense forests? So we find the landing-place of the Indians at the foot of these falls, and the carry from there to Lake George became the military road traversed by the armies of France, England, and the Colonies and over which their bateaux were carried from lake to lake.

More than a century and a half has elapsed since the construction of that road, yet its location at some points can be traced to-day. Commencing at the foot of these falls, its Lake George terminal was just at the rocky barrier at the foot of the lake known to-day as the "Rapids," which at that time did not allow the passage of a boat except at seasons of high water. The boat channels you find there now have been made by mill-owners on the Upper Falls within the last one hundred years for the purpose of floating logs to their mills. There was a small fortified camp at this place, located in all probability on the rising ground just this side of where Joseph Joubert now lives. This has been a fertile field for relics of colonial wars for many years; those which Mr. Joubert has found and retains he will very kindly show to interested parties, and they are well worth a visit to his place. Another fortified camp was located on the west shore opposite, and another not far from the place known as Howe's Landing, while a battery above the rapids protected the road and camps.

It was by this road and crossing that the forces of Aber-

cromby, after the untimely death of Lord Howe, marched on their way to the investment of Carillon. Preparatory to this, he despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Bradstreet, with one regiment of regulars, six companies of royal Americans, and a body of Rangers, to take possession of the French camp and saw-mill located there, which had been abandoned by Montcalm the day before. This saw-mill was located at the foot of these falls, but as the ground below and to the south was much broken by deep ravines and wholly unsuitable for the encampment of an army of several thousand men, we must and do assume that the fortified camp occupied by Montcalm was located on the only level ground available, which was in the bend of the river above the falls, where is now located the business part of the village of Ticonderoga, just at the left of the tablet we are gathered to unveil to-day, while the saw-mill and carry were at the right, and the approach to the bridge over the stream was directly in front.

It was here, at this saw-mill and in this fortified camp, abandoned by the French for a better position, that Abercromby on the evening of July 7, 1758, concentrated his army of fourteen thousand men. It was here that he awaited with high hopes the advent of the morning of July 8, when at early dawn his forces began their march to attack the French, who awaited them behind their hastily constructed fortification on the high ground a short distance north of Fort Carillon, — an encounter that ended in humiliating defeat for Abercromby and his army. That evening they began their retreat by the same route over which they had marched in the morning, crossed again the bridge at the head of the falls, which Bradstreet had rebuilt after its destruction by Montcalm, continued their retreat past the location of this tablet up over the old military road to Lake George, where they embarked on their way to Albany, the starting-point of the expedition.

While historians agree that the French commenced in 1756 a saw-mill at the first fall on the outlet of Lake George

as you pass up the stream from Lake Champlain about two miles, they do not state with accuracy upon which bank of the stream the mill was located; but in the second volume of a voluminous history of Canada by William Kingsford may be found a map made at an early date, showing this mill to have been at the foot of these falls on the south side of the stream, where are now located the paper-mills, not far from where this commemorative tablet has been placed. Then we must consider that the natural site for such a mill would be at the landing for boats where navigation ended and the carry to Lake George began.

The building of Fort Carillon was commenced in 1755, and this mill was for the purpose of sawing lumber for bateaux and material to be used in the construction of the fort and for housing the troops engaged in its defence, this fort being the last fortified outpost of France on the great highway of traffic and travel between the Canadian and American Colonies. Although France had numerous fortifications on the St. Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and farther in the interior (as she then claimed all the territory west of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio), yet her claims in this direction ended at Ticonderoga, and Forts Carillon and St. Frederick were her principal defences on Lake Champlain.

St. Frederick had been built in 1731, but Carillon was not begun until twenty-four years afterward and was completed in 1757. It was constructed entirely of wood, and, though occupying about the same ground, should not be confounded with the English fort afterward constructed, of which you see the ruins to-day.

Before the erection of Carillon the American Rangers under Putnam and Rogers found four fortified camps along the old Indian trail in the valley between Lakes George and Champlain for its protection. They were often passing this way on foraging expeditions against the French at Crown Point, with scouting parties to harass the enemy and gain information for the benefit of the Colonies and the

mother country, as England for much of the time was at war with France and coveted her American possessions. These expeditions often caused great hardship to the Rangers and were not always attended with favorable results.

It is related that, as late as the midwinter of 1757, Rogers and his Rangers in one of these expeditions captured two French soldiers and butchered some fifteen head of cattle close to Fort Carillon, and tied to the horns of one of them a note addressed to the officer in charge of the fort in these terms: "I am obliged to you, Sir, for the rest you have allowed me to take and the fresh meat you have sent me. I shall take good care of my prisoners. My compliments to the Marquis of Montcalm. ROGERS."

It is worthy of note here that there was a trail back of Rogers Rock Mountain, commencing at Cook's Bay and running down through Trout Brook or Lord Howe Valley, terminating at the falls here. Over this trail Rogers and his Rangers often passed, and once, after having suffered defeat with serious loss at the hands of the French and their Indian allies, the remnant of his band escaped by this trail to Lake George and safety. Whatever may have been Rogers' faults, cowardice was not one of them; and what more fitting monument could he have than the massive rock that bears his name, near the foot of the lake that often carried him and his Rangers on its peaceful bosom?

The battle of Yorktown, the defeat and the surrender of Cornwallis, had practically closed the war of the Revolution in 1781. Peace negotiations were dragging slowly along, when General Washington urged upon Congress the disbandment of the army, and his own retirement to a coveted private life, after eight years of incessant effort and anxiety as Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the new-born Republic.

The British army, humiliated by defeat, was preparing to embark at New York and abandon all further effort to subjugate Great Britain's rebellious Colonies. Pending this event, which did not take place until November 25, 1783,

Washington decided to inspect the fortifications along the northern frontiers of the country, none of which he had ever visited; so, on the 16th of July, 1783, he wrote to the President of Congress as follows: "I have resolved to wear away a little time in performing a tour to the northward as far as Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and perhaps as far up the Mohawk as Fort Schuyler. I shall leave this place on Friday next, and shall probably be gone about two weeks." He also wrote on the 15th to Philip Schuyler:

"I have entertained a great desire to see the northern part of this State before I returned to the Southward. The present irksome interval, while we are waiting for the definitive treaty, affords an opportunity of gratifying this inclination. I have therefore concerted with Governor Clinton to make a tour to reconnoitre those places where the most remarkable posts were established, and the ground which became famous as the theatre of action in 1777. Mr. Damler, assistant Quartermaster-General, precedes us to make arrangements, and particularly to have some light boats provided and transported to Lake George, that we may not be delayed on our arrival there."

To carry out his intentions, he left his headquarters at Newburgh, New York, on the morning of July 18, and sailing up the Hudson, in company with Governor Clinton, passed Albany and the old village of Saratoga to Fort Edward, where Fort Lyman was located, and where water navigation on the Hudson terminated and the carry to Lake George began. Prior to 1755 there was only an Indian trail to this beautiful lake, but in the month of August of that year General, afterwards Sir, William Johnson, with a body of regulars, colonial troops, and Indians, wishing to reach the lake with his wagon train in an expedition against the French, sent a gang of axe-men to cut a road through the wilderness, over which his wagons and army, on the 26th of the month, commenced a laborious passage; and so rough was the

road that only at the end of two days did he succeed in reaching the lake, fourteen miles distant from Fort Edward.

It was twenty-eight years after this event that Washington journeyed over the same road. As it had been in almost constant use for that period by the armies of Great Britain, the Colonies, and their Indian allies, it was probably in much better condition than when Johnson hewed his way here through the forests. Having reached the lake, Washington and his companions embarked on its waters for Ticonderoga, and about the 20th of July, 1783, one hundred and twenty-seven years ago, he reached this even then historic place.

Washington's own account of this trip is very meagre indeed, but as his journey to Crown Point was undoubtedly by water, after passing over the old military road between the two lakes, he must have embarked at the foot of the falls, near where we now stand, and having inspected the fortifications around which so many important events then clustered, proceeded on his way to inspect Fort Amherst, at Crown Point, the end of his journey in this direction.

I find nothing definite as to his return trip until he reached Saratoga, when he decided to visit the springs in that town, at that time only two in number, known as High Rock and Flat Rock Springs, and located where the village of Saratoga Springs now stands. So pleased were he and Governor Clinton with the water, and so impressed with its value, that they decided to jointly purchase the High Rock Spring and the land surrounding it. It was left for Governor Clinton to secure the property, but on investigation it was found that some members of the then prominent Livingston family had already purchased it; so Washington did not become an owner of this coveted spring, or a land-owner in the State of New York.

He continued his journey, passing up the Mohawk by boat and carry as far as Fort Schuyler. At this time there was a good wagon road from Albany to Schenectady, but from that point on the journey was by bateaux, or flat-

bottom boats managed by two men, called bateaux men. While they used oars to propel the boat in deep water, in many places it was so shallow that they were obliged to use setting poles, and past the carrying-places the boats were hauled by settlers' teams on sledges. Washington, having reached Fort Schuyler, returned to Albany, arriving there August 4, and at Newburgh the next day in the afternoon, just nineteen days from the time of his departure,— a trip that now could be made leisurely in about four days.

The next day, the 6th of August, he wrote to James McHenry, in reply to a communication received from that gentleman, as follows: "After a tour of seven hundred and fifty miles performed in nineteen days, I returned to this place yesterday afternoon, where I found your favor of the 31st ultimo, intimating a resolution of Congress for calling me to Princeton, partly, as it would seem, on my own account, and partly for the purpose of giving aid to Congress." He proceeded to Princeton, where he received the thanks of Congress, through the President of that body, for the conspicuous part he had taken in prosecuting to a successful issue the war of the Revolution and founding on the American continent what has proved to be an enduring Republic.

Let us now consider another important event connected with the early history of this locality.

Benjamin Franklin was born in the city of Boston, of well-to-do parents, January 6, 1708. Not really satisfied with the work his relatives found for him to do, he started out early in life to seek fame and fortune. This brought him to the city of Philadelphia, which he reached by boat on the Delaware River, a body of water made memorable by the crossing of Washington many years afterward. Franklin himself relates that, on landing in the city, he purchased three loaves, or rolls, of bread, and with one under each arm and eating the third as he walked, he passed up one of the principal streets in the city of "Brotherly Love" in search of

employment. This he readily found, and the city became his home, where he attained the fame and secured the fortune of his early ambition, and where death closed his memorable career years afterward.

To be sure, you may say that since that time many a young man has started out in life with just as many arms as Franklin had, but fewer loaves of bread and less influential friends, and still achieved wealth and distinction. However this may be, at the breaking out of the war between the Colonies and the mother country, Franklin bore a conspicuous part in the momentous struggle thus begun.

He was then sixty-eight years of age, a statesman, philosopher, and diplomat, a man of great learning, ability, and influence in the Colonies; so to no one else could Congress more readily turn to carry on delicate and important negotiations with the adjoining province of Canada, looking to the co-operation of that country in the endeavor to secure freedom from a rule that had become intolerable.

From the very commencement of the struggle of the Colonies for their independence, efforts had frequently been made to induce the Canadians to join in it, and to send delegates to the American Congress. At this time a large part of Canada was occupied by American troops. To further this hope of the assistance of Canada and its final union with the Colonies, Congress appointed commissioners to proceed to that country with full powers to bring about such a result. The commissioners appointed were Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll. They left Philadelphia on their mission about March 20, 1776, passing through Ticonderoga, embarking here at the foot of these falls, April 21, following; but, encountering much broken ice in Lake Champlain, they did not reach Montreal until the end of the month, having been over six weeks on their journey from Philadelphia to that city. Much of the way the roads were almost

impassable, and the water navigation slow and dangerous. Notwithstanding its hardships and the great ability of the commissioners, this mission was a failure. To Franklin, advanced in years and somewhat impaired in health, the journey had proved a very trying one, but he arrived in Philadelphia early in the following June, about three months from the date of his departure. It is to this mission, however, that we owe the presence of Franklin here in 1776, thus early in the war of the Revolution, and can inscribe that fact on this memorial tablet.

I have thus briefly called to your attention some of the events that have made famous the name Ticonderoga. May this tablet, erected on this historic spot, commemorating these events, be an inspiration to the youth of the town through all future generations, creating in them a greater love for the land made memorable by the heroic deeds of the fathers, and through that example inspiring in them a loftier patriotism, higher ideals concerning their civic duties, and broader conceptions of their own relations to society and government. May it teach them that living for self alone is a low, meagre, unsatisfying life, that the true patriot and loyal citizen rises above and despises the petty thievery and larger graft of the self-seeking individual who lives that he may plunder, not serve, the state.

As our children and our children's children read the inscription on this tablet, may they understand its full significance; may they appreciate how appropriate it is that it should be placed at this particular point, commemorating, as it does, so many stirring events and history-making achievements!

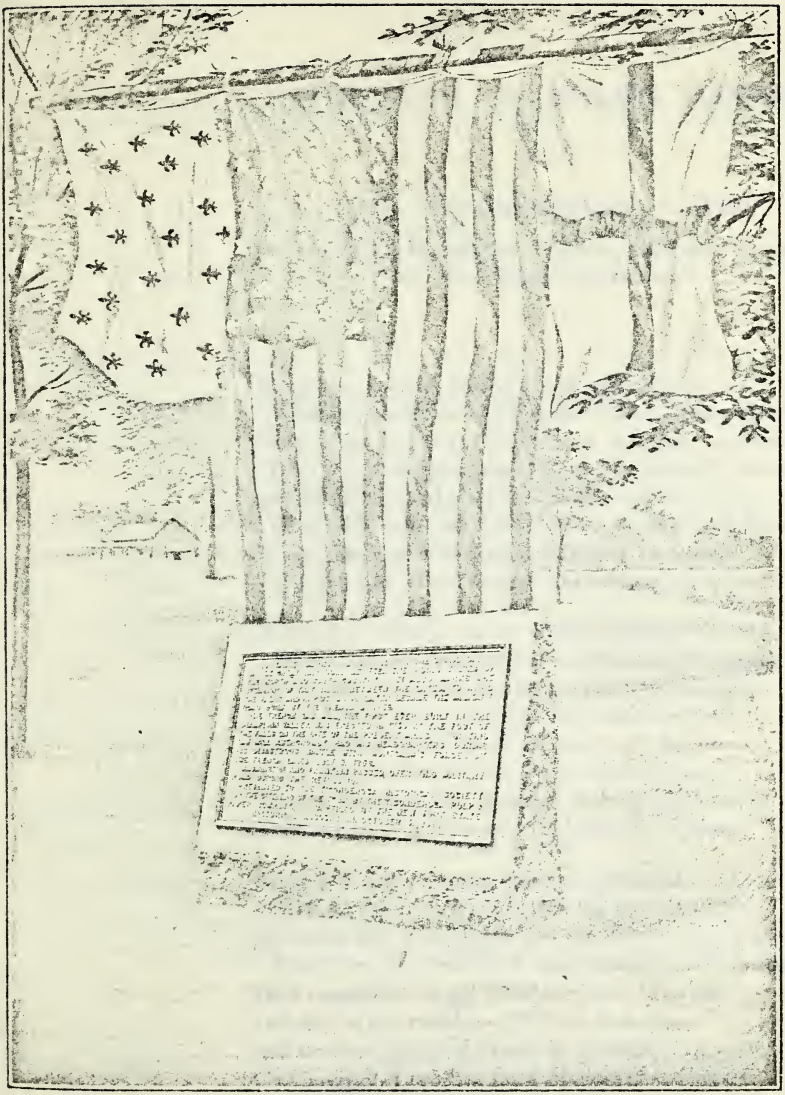
Here were the hunting trail and war-path of the most powerful of Indian tribes. Here passed and repassed the armies of France and Great Britain, as well as the sturdy soldiers and Rangers of the Colonies. Here waved in the breeze, both in peace and war, the lilies of France and the cross of St. George, to be supplanted ultimately

and forever by the star-gemmed banner of our own Republic.

Here Washington and Franklin embarked on their missions of inspection and diplomacy. Here stood Rogers, Putnam, and Stark, Abercromby, Amherst, and Montcalm, conspicuous figures and important factors in the struggle that preceded the subjugation of the wilderness and led up to the founding here of a Republic which was to become a refuge for the oppressed of every land and clime.

Stephen A. Douglas once said of his native State, "It is a good State to be born in, provided you emigrate early." While this may or may not have been an exact statement of fact, we do not hesitate to say and feel that it is appropriate to say here and now, — that Ticonderoga is not only a good town to be born in, but it is a good town to live in. Yet, while we have a pride in our own town, while we cherish the memories of past events that, like a galaxy of stars, cluster around her history and make this hallowed ground, let us not forget the lessons they should teach, — that, while the past may be secure, while its history may be resplendent with heroic deeds, the present is in our care, the future is what we may help to make it, and just as we are faithful to our trust, just as we grasp the unrivalled opportunities of our day and generation, shall we be worthy of the age in which we live, as well as worthy of the history this tablet commemorates.

Now, Mr. President, on behalf of the Ticonderoga Pulp and Paper Company, through its officers and directors, I am requested to present to your Society and the citizens of Ticonderoga this memorial tablet. This has been to me a pleasant duty, and in committing this memorial to your care I am sure it is being placed in safe and appreciative hands.



THE UNVEILING

By the New York State Historical Association, Represented by
Mrs. Sherman Williams, Mrs. Frederick B. Richards

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

LED BY

MRS. GEORGE STEPHENSON BIXBY

Of The Mary Washington Colonial Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution

---

Oh say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming;
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
Oh say, does that Star Spangled Banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering sleep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory, reflected, now shines on the stream,
'T is the Star Spangled Banner; O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever, when freeman shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the Heav'n rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause is so just,
And this be our motto, — "In God is our trust."
And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

1755337

ADDRESS OF ACCEPTANCE

BY

DR. WILLIAM A. E. CUMMINGS

PRESIDENT TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Mr. DeLano, Members of the New York State Historical Association and of the Ticonderoga Historical Society; Ladies and Gentlemen:

In accepting from this public-spirited corporation, the Ticonderoga Pulp & Paper Company, this beautiful tablet, so generously given to our Historical Society, in trust, for the citizens of this historic old town, and so graciously unveiled, by the New York State Historical Association, I wish to mention the especial fitness of the selection by this Corporation of our honored townsman, Mr. Clayton H. DeLano, to make this presentation.

It was the initiative and courage of this loyal son of Old Ticonderoga that first gave to our town the possibilities that have ripened into this magnificent modern plant that now occupies this site, made memorable by the enactment thereon of the early events in our country's history recorded here in enduring bronze and everlasting granite, through the civic pride and corporate patriotism of the present management of this great industrial enterprise, which Mr. DeLano has so happily represented here to-day.

It is a matter for sincere congratulation on the part of every citizen of Old Ticonderoga that they have in control of two of the town's greatest industries, corporations whose

appreciation of the importance of the early history of this locality is so just, and whose public spirit is so generously responsive to the hour, as are the Ticonderoga Pulp & Paper Company and the Joseph Dixon Crucible Company, as evidenced by the tablets they have erected to perpetuate our historic records and renown.

In these records and in this honorable renown here recorded and yet to be recorded by future tablets, the citizens of this interesting old town have a priceless heritage, the real value of which was by none more keenly appreciated than by one who must be with us in spirit this afternoon, and who must see in these generous responses to historic appeal, the fruition of the seed he planted through years of discouraging indifference, when on only a few, and largely on himself, fell the cost and labor of marking our historic points of interest, and keeping alive the smoldering embers of a local pride in our heroes and their heroism, that should lift our citizenship up to the level of our hills in all the civic virtues.

Mr. DeLano, the Ticonderoga Historical Society accepts this tablet from your corporation, at your hand, with sincere appreciation of the patriotic spirit in which it is given and of its great value to the historic interest of our town, and we thank you, and, through you, your associates, most heartily, for this generous gift.

Members of the New York State Historical Association, it is and ever will be a source of great pleasure to our historical society that it has been honored by your presence and participation in the ceremonies of this afternoon, and that the names of these two organizations, working at all times for a common purpose, are thus happily joined on this tablet here.

Fellow members of the Ticonderoga Historical Society, fellow citizens of this old town with such a glorious history, while this tablet may ever mark, as it will, the records of the past, it will fail in its prime purpose if it does not inspire each one of us to a more patriotic love of our town, our state, and our country.

It will fail in the full measure of its usefulness if it does not lead us to higher ideals and a more just appreciation and fulfillment of our duties as citizens of Old Ticonderoga.

Ladies and gentlemen, in closing, I thank you for your presence and kind attention, and I move a rising vote of thanks to Mr. DeLano, to Mr. C. E. Bush, the treasurer and general manager of the Ticonderoga Pulp & Paper Company, and the corporation they represent, for this generous gift, and the courtesies they have extended us to-day.

AMERICA

BY THE ASSEMBLAGE

LED BY

MRS. GEORGE STEPHENSON BIXBY

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
  Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride;
From every mountain side,
  Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
  Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break —
  The sound prolong.

Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
  To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light:
Protect us by thy might,
  Great God, our King.

Fort Ticonderoga

TICONDEROGA

Thine eyes grow dreamy in the evening haze,
  Ticonderoga.
Where, in mimic art
  Ephemeral,
Thy pilgrims hold their part
  In festival,
On what eternal pageants dost thou gaze,
  Ticonderoga?

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Battles whose blood is liberty,
Heroes whose dreams are history,
Imagination hath them wrought,
Tempering all things to a thought,
Painting the land, the lake, the sky,
With pageants of the dreamer's eye.

So by my visionary shore,
Soldier and saint and sagamore
Live in my shadow evermore:
Where, rapt in beauty, sleeps Champlain,
Lulled are the passion and the pain,
The legend and the race remain.

From Percy MacKaye's "Ticonderoga."
Courtesy of The Macmillan Company.

THE TICONDEROGA HISTORICAL SOCIETY DESIRE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE FURTHER GENEROSITY OF THE TICONDEROGA PULP AND PAPER COMPANY, IN THE GIFT OF THE PAPER ON WHICH THIS BOOKLET IS PRINTED.

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